UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

"The Present Generation"

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part II. Chapter XII. By M. K. GANDHI

Reminiscences of Debs:

By J. W. HERRING

LOUIS MAYER

MARGARET SANGER

GEORGE L. THOMPSON

VOLUME XCVIII NUMBER 14

Chicago, December 6, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

UNITY Fellowship

FRANK C. DOAN
CHARLES F. DOLE
ZONA GALE
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
H. R. MUSSEY
FRANCIS NEILSON
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor
EDITH LLOYD JONES

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

ROBERT COLLYER, Chicago. WM. C. GANNETT, St. Paul.
JENKIN LL. JONES, Janesville. C. W. WENDTE, Cincinnati.
J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBERTS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. SUNDERLAND, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
GEO. W. COOKE, Grand Haven, Mich., } "Notes and News."

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Harry Foster Burns
Percy M. Dawson
James Waldo Fawcett
David Starr Jordan
George Saranton
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—F. M. Matthéeff
CANADA—Sidney Snow
CHINA—Gilbert Reid
ENGLAND—Fred Hankinson
Walter Walsh
FRANCE—G. Demartial
Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Guglielmo Lusidi
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Alina Huebach

UNITY PUBLISHING Co., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

Announcement

Part II

OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

began in this magazine on

September 20th

GANDHI'S RETURN TO INDIA
HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
and
THE GREAT STORY OF SOUTH AFRICA

Subscribe Now! *Renew Now!*

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
700 Oakwood Boulevard
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sirs: Enclosed please find $3.00, for which
(a) Enter my subscription for one year from date, or
(b) Renew my subscription for one year from date of expiration.

Name .....

Address .....

Contents

Page

EDITORIAL—
Notes 211
"The Present Generation"—ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY 213
Jottings—J. H. H. 215

ARTICLES—
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part II, Chapter XII—Seeking Touch with Indians—M. K. GANDHI 216
Reminiscences of Debs:
I. J. W. HERRING 217
II. LOUIS MAYER 218
III. MARGARET SANGER 218
IV. GEORGE L. THOMPSON 219
A Thanksgiving Litany—W. W. W. ARGOW ... 219

POETRY—
The Golden Day—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH .. 211
The Approaches of God—CHARLES F. DOLE ... 215

THE STUDY TABLE—
Some New Books—FREDERICK STARR 220

CORRESPONDENCE—
Mrs. Besant: Another Viewpoint—MALIK R. LAL 222
The Defect of the Peace Movement—JOHN E. AYER 222
The Peace Crusade—M. L. BRUERE 222
Cancellation of Debts—W. P. CALKINS 223
A Tribute to Dr. Doan—CORA STANTON BROWN 226

THE FIELD—
Peace Platform—World Alliance of International Friendship 223

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1926 NUMBER 14

THE GOLDEN DAY

(December 5, 1926, International Golden Rule Sunday)

The guns of war are silent,
The bugles' lips are still,
And hands across the world unite
To banish hate and ill,
To join all lands and nations
In trust that shall not cease,
To make one day the golden day—
The Golden Day of Peace!

No more do homes burn redly
In battle's after-glow,
But little children wait in vain
A mother's greeting low.
The world's great heart must succor
Frail hands that blindly grope,
And make of childhood's darkened day
A Golden Day of Hope!

The years with tender meaning
Shall hide old griefs away,
And new dawns light the distant hills
And bring a nobler day;
And this shall be the promise
And prophecy thereof,
This day of open hearts and hands—
A Golden Day of Love!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

We call the particular attention of our readers to the platform of principles on the question of war and peace, adopted recently by the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, and printed in full this week in our department, "The Field." This is the most important document ever formulated in the long campaign of the churches against war. It presents the one program of procedure in our day which promises success in this campaign. Accepting the Outlawry of War, which UNITY has advocated from the beginning, as the one basic principle of international reform, it works out this principle to its ultimate conclusions and applies it to the whole world situation of this hour. Here is statesmanship of the highest order. Here is a platform upon which all peace forces should unite.

The collapse of the coal strike in England, the long-drawn agony of the Passaic strike in this country, similar happenings in other industrial disputes in recent years, raise the question as to whether the strike has not been outgrown, outmoded, as a labor weapon. Is it not becoming as ineffective, because disastrous equally to friend and enemy, as military warfare between the nations? We can still believe that a vast general strike, mobilizing all the world of labor to victory—such a strike as held England and the world breathless weeks ago—may be necessary, or at least unavoidable, as a last final step into the new order of industrial democracy. Even this, to our mind, is questionable. But these isolated strikes here, there and yonder—one group of workers battling for life and liberty, with all other workers paying no attention, or helping simply with a little money — English miners starving, while German and French miners toil to supply their markets—Passaic strikers sacrificing everything to a just cause, which the American Federation of Labor, because of undue politics, will not recognize—all this seems to us as futile as it is tragic. Our world is too closely integrated these days, for any group of men anywhere to achieve their destiny alone. Labor must stand together; or else separately, in isolated groups, it will fall. And even a united labor faces the great middle-class group which can take over the machinery of production and distribution these days with surprising ease! What we have at bottom in the strike, after all, is *violence*. Violence may have place in a chaotic world, but not in an ordered world. The more closely we live together, the more carefully we systematize our social processes, the more impossible becomes violence in any form. We suggest that the day of the strike is over. Labor must find other and safer weapons to achieve its victory. Is not such a weapon now fashioned in the British Labor Party?

It was in 1905 that William Howard Taft made the declaration that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization." Floods of water have flowed under the bridge since that statement was made, but illustrations from the criminal courts of the country still abound to show its truth. Here is the Fall-Doheney case, for example! This involves the worst instance of political corruption since the days of the Grant administration—perhaps the worst in the nation's history. Behind the prosecution is the full power of the federal government. Yet when Fall and Doheney appeared in court the other day to plead to indictments, it was over two years and four months since these same indictments were first ordered. If it takes two years and four months for the pleading, how many years and months will it take for the trial? And if at last, years hence, the trial is

held and convictions secured, how many years will it take to hear the appeals, etc., etc.? The chance of Fall and Doheney going to prison before they die is about as great as the chance of a maiden lady of sixty odd years of age having a baby. Then, here is the Hall-Mills murder case as another illustration of the truth of Taft's dictum! The trial of this case is being held as we write, and it is now over four years since the crime was committed. Who is guilty is not known, and the prosecution is conducting its case under such difficulties, after the four year interval, that it is probable it will never be known. Again, we have still the Sacco-Vanzetti case. A vindictive prosecution, a prejudiced judge, an excited populace, legal technicalities numberless—with the result of two presumably innocent men facing the gallows after years of close imprisonment. And of course lynchings are always with us—as witness the most recent case at Aiken, South Carolina, where three Negroes, one innocent and ordered acquitted by the court, were handed over to a mob and shot to death. Mysteries unsolved, guilty men untried and unpunished, innocent men railroaded to jail and death, mobs usurping the places of judge and executioner—where is justice in such events as these? We marvel at the moderation of Mr. Taft's statement.

In Illinois is a political situation full of meaning for the social philosopher. At the November election, Mr. Magill received 150,000 votes for the United States senatorship. Mr. Smith received 770,000. Mr. Magill is all that high-minded, cultured, pure-living manhood should be. Furthermore, he has training and experience of the highest order qualifying him for the public service expected of the office for which he had been named. Mr. Smith, the successful candidate, has practically none of these qualifications. Under oath he has demonstrated himself to be lacking in the individual conscience which qualifies him for righteous voting. He has been a tool of sinister political powers, and plainly indicates that he proposes to hold himself available for such ministries in the future. The Illinois group of something short of a million voters knew all this in advance. What shall be concluded? It is easy to lodge an indictment against an entire citienship. Easy, and more or less futile! Whole generations of men sin and come short of the glory of noble citienship. But by the time they can be haled into the only court which can successfully try them, they are dead and gone. Contentment with lodging such indictments against individuals can only spring of a confirmed pessimism. A more thoroughgoing analysis of this and similar situations is more fruitful. One conclusion which is never sufficiently driven home upon the liberal mind is that individual integrity and probity are not enough in an efficient democracy. Mr. Magill is an individual, and most admirable as such. Mr. Smith is only incidentally an individual. He is the exponent of a political group. At his individual worst, he is at least five times more potent socially and politically than Mr. Magill at his individual best. Mr. Smith's group, as a piece of social mechanism, is disreputable enough, but it has at least the virtue of group value and group power. Are not the values and powers of democracy always and inevitably group values and group powers? Is it not quite as important for the liberal to learn this as for the ward-heeler and the boss?

Crime appears to be growing somewhat less successful. The gentle art of jail breaking does not thrive these latter days. In the Tombs, the city prison of New York, an attempt the other day resulted in the suicide of three desperate characters who had already been wounded by guards. They had previously killed the warden and one other official. But the jail barriers were not broken through. In Columbus, Ohio, fifteen prisoners actually escaped, but as this is written several days afterwards, only one is at large. More than one jewelry-store hold-up on Broadway in New York have recently miscarried, with disastrous results to the would-be hold-uppers. The lone thug of one encounter died with a police bullet in his abdomen, apologizing for having wounded a policeman, and protesting that he meant to "get" the jeweler. The sentiment of this dying man is suggestive. It is presumably the reflection of attitudes he had taken throughout his criminal career. He is not a foe of the officially designated guardians of law and order, and is filled with regret that his poor aim inflicted injury upon one of them, and "put him in wrong" with the fraternity. A more or less general collusion on the part of the police, the courts and certain elements of the public is essential to the success of criminals. If the Hibernianism is permitted, the cards are all stacked against the citizen behind the bars when the game is played fairly. Occasionally a genius like the late Mr. Chapman displays real skill in escape. But for the most part the jailbird has no chance except as corrupt jailers or resourceful collaborators among free citizens make the way easy. The prevalence of crime is not nearly so conclusive evidence of depravity among criminals as it is indication of the breakdown of the police and court systems. Crime has become a sort of game. Is the present apparent tightening an evidence of reform or of a disposition slightly to alter the rules?

Someone has said that humanity may be divided into two classes—those who think there is hope for human kind, and those who think there is none. We should add a third classification—to accommodate those who do not think at all. But be that as it may, we are concerned to understand the pessimists. It occurs to us that all those so listed are simply concealed optimists, that the difference between the two groups is more apparent than real. For example, there is the case

of H. L. Mencken. He persuades himself periodically that there is nothing to be expected of men and women except a sort of animal self-satisfaction; he sees the masses as a multitude of wilful morons, glorying in their degradation or passively content with it. But inquiry among cab drivers, shoe salesmen, green grocers, lawyers, physicians and college professors discloses a variety of "divine discontent." They are not satisfied with their lot; the shoe merchants long to be movie actors, and the university presidents hanker to succeed Calvin Coolidge. Since it is characteristic of the true moron to be content, the implication is that these people are not morons. Perhaps Mr. Mencken calls them unpleasant names simply to goad them into superlative effort. That would suggest that Mr. Mencken is perhaps unduly impatient. And impatience is an element in the psychology of the reformer. Is it possible that far from being a true and irreparable pessimist, Mr. Mencken is actually a passionate and militant optimist? It seems he wears an armor of cynicism, carries a shield of unbelief, wields a rapier of sarcasm, solely to appear in the best possible form as a crusader. All crusaders are optimists. We believe that the heart of the man is as sound and good as was that of his spiritual ancestor, the great Voltaire. It is important for us to be sure about Mr. Mencken. He has tremendous influence. He is feared by a numerous company of big and little fakers. He renders hypocrisy difficult. He makes mistakes, jumps to conclusions, runs wild, is even ignorant; but we are convinced that his intentions are good—are convinced, in fact, that he is an optimist.

"The Present Generation"

The most prolific subject of discussion today seems to be "The Present Generation," meaning by this the young folks of school and college age. Several generations of students have come and gone since what may be called the modern discussion of this age-long subject began. But the flow of books, magazine articles and stories dealing with and describing what purports to be the sad state of the youth of today has always "the present generation" for its point of attack. Are we to believe that each successive year brings with it a lower and lower type of young people to our schools and colleges?

The morals of the youth of our day is one ever ready subject of conversation among the older generation. There seems to be no story of moral delinquency too nasty for a large number to believe that it is fairly representative of the ethical ideals, or lack of ideals, prevalent among the "younger set." There is no "closed season" for this sport. Apparently this present older generation is bound to keep up if not surpass every former older generation in its affirmation of lack of faith in its successors. For we must remember that this is the most ancient of sports. Mankind has always enjoyed the contemplation of weaknesses of the newcomers to its ranks. Men have always been very sure that no one quite as good as themselves would ever appear on earth. The curious thing about this is that this enjoyment takes place in spite of the fact that the new comers are their sons and daughters. They have had their nurture and training. They have given them whatever ideals they have.

One thing can be said about the younger generation without fear of contradiction. It is that the physical and spiritual environment into which they were born was not created by themselves. This much we can admit without any debate. It is also true that this environment does re-act on their lives. They are living in a different world from that in which their fathers and mothers lived at their age. A world which has a great deal more of knowledge about a whole lot of things than was possessed by the world of a quarter of a century ago. Through the medium of books, magazines, plays and even textbooks used in the schools we are making public conversation possible about things which were once only talked about in whispers and then in the dark recesses of a closet.

So that it has come about that we can say with some confidence a second thing about this present generation. It is much franker in speech about matters of vital concern to them than ever their parents were. They have eaten of many trees of knowledge. And they are very much inclined to refuse to differentiate between kinds of knowledge. They do not think that one kind is for the closet and to be held in secret and that another is for public use. This frankness is no doubt very disconcerting to many older folks when it deals with sex matters. For many generations the whole subject of sex was taboo, even the very word. We refused to mention it and were as averse to its use as was the ancient Hebrew to the use of the name of his tribal diety. It simply was not the thing to do. Decent people did not eat with their knives and did not talk of sex. But this increase of knowledge which has been poured into the heads of young folks has had some effect on their minds and habits.

This brings us to a third point on which we can speak with some assurance. There are an increasing number of young folks in our colleges and universities, and we have no doubt elsewhere, who do not want to go into the business of bringing another generation into the world without a greater knowledge on their part of what they are doing. We feel sure that there is coming a greater sense of responsibility in reference to bringing children into the world. Those who have

this increased sense of responsibility are not going to be the parents of unwanted children. The fact that many young folks are talking about birth control in a perfectly open and unashamed way does not mean a decadence of morals. It means a new sense of moral responsibility.

Our fourth point is one on which we can speak from personal observation, and we only speak from that point of view. We see among the present generation no evidence of a lack of high idealism. We are not speaking of the great masses of students. High idealism was never characteristic of the great majority of any group. But there are among the present generation of students many who have strong and deep faith in the ancient ideals of justice, righteousness and peace. Many who by the beauty of their personal characters and the righteousness and loveliness of their deeds give us great hope and joy.

Sometime ago we had a conference with a group of sixteen young men students. We discussed the old topic, "Can one live his own life without regard to others?" There was much in the discussion that might possibly have shocked some of the elders who are not accustomed to frank discussion with young folks. But the discussion was on a very high plane and included a very wide sweep of human interests not excluding sex matters. There was mighty little if any "canned talk" in that conference. Those young men faced seriously and earnestly the real problems of life. There was no dodging and no evasion. There was the recognition that any sort of decent living demanded a recognition not only of the experience of the past but also duties imposed by the present. The one thing that was most evident was their unwillingness to assent to a dictum of the past merely because it was of the past.

About the same time we discussed the same question with a group of young women. The only difference in the approach to the subject on the part of these two groups was in the fact that the young women held closer to abstract and fundamental propositions than did the young men.

It may be argued that these were exceptional groups. We admit it without discussion. Of course they were. It is always the exceptional that are the leaders in human progress and they establish the standards for society. But having admitted so much we hasten to add that we do not believe that the attitude expressed at these conferences is as exceptional as many believe. We remember the young man, a real leader in the life of his university, who asked somewhat pathetically, "Do you believe that the young folks of today are as rotten as people say we are?" Of course our answer was, "No." But we were led to wonder if the continuous repetition of the charges of extreme moral delinquency on the part of the present younger generation was not doing an infinite amount of harm.

A recent article in a popular magazine by a well known writer gives several cases, alleged to be authentic, of grave lapses on the part of young people from any decent moral standard. The article itself may be true in all of its particulars but it contains all the earmarks of a made-up story. But even if all that the author asserts is true the article as a whole is false in that it implies that these particular instances of immorality are evidence of a general condition of degeneracy prevalent among young people at the present time. Stories of this kind no more prove degeneracy than a series of stories of heroic action on the part of young people today would prove that we have with us a host of young angels whose wings are just budding.

We have said that this subject was a very old one. The Babylonian brick tablet which records the comment of a Jeremiah of that time to the effect that the young folks of Babylon showed a marked evidence of deterioration in manners and morals may be a fake. But fake or not the brick evidently tells what was the opinion of the wiseacres of that ancient time. One hundred and twenty-five years ago the Boston papers were commenting editorially about the dancing, the manners, the dress and the lack of respect for their elders on the part of young people in truly modern style and saying the very same things that are being said today. Even Henry Adams thought that only one out of ten of the students that came to him at Harvard were worth his attention. If he had had the word "dumb-bell" he would have used it to describe the other nine. The great majority of people have had to come up through a storm of abuse and contempt. And we are doing our best to keep up this tradition.

Our conviction is, after a good many years of close and intimate knowledge of college students both East and West, that the present generation is very much the same as to essential worth and merit as were their fathers and mothers. If there is any advantage we would not hesitate to say that it is on the side of the younger group. We are not saying this with eyes shut to present problems and dangers. But the younger have always the advantage of the older. They have greater knowledge for they have the experience of one more generation.

But while there is greater knowledge there is also greater need today for wisdom. The world has been changing with very great rapidity during the first quarter of our century. The ancient sanctions of religion and even of morals have been breaking down at a literally terrific speed. The new science has brought into existence the movie, the automobile and a host of other factors in our civilization that in themselves tend to upset the moral equilibrium. Mere knowledge has brought with it some simply terrific challenges to immature and only partially trained minds. All this must be admitted. But our contention is that we will be more helpful in maintaining an awareness of this than

in wholesale denunciation of the young people of today. Temptations, problems and situations which they did not create have been thrust upon them. Their task is to build on a site strewn with ancient customs, traditions and institutions. We are in an age of transition even as Athens was in the days of Socrates. This means that the coming years will be full of labor, much of it hard and trying. But that does not mean that we are going forward into a period of moral and spiritual degeneracy. There is to our mind plenty of evidence that there are young men and young women today who have capacity for leadership,—valiant and earnest souls who have seen "the light that never was on sea or land." Into their hands we of the older generation may commit the banners of civilization without fear.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

Gandhi says, "If most newspapers in the world were to cease publication, the world would not lose anything. Probably it would heave a sigh of relief." We doubt if in any country the truth of this statement is so impressive as in America.

In a notable paper written just before his death by Professor Adami, late Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University, this distinguished pathologist wrote:

> I want to make it clear that a scientist may arrive at a clear knowledge of religious truth by the very methods employed at his own work. More and more as the years have passed, I have become convinced that love of God is everything, and if a man possesses this, all other things are secondary. This life is not the end. The soul is immortal.

Dr. H. N. Bundesen, Chicago health officer, declares that the mental age of the public is twelve years. For sheer unadulterated optimism, please pass the prize to Dr. Bundesen.

A book has just been published under the title, "Mother Dear." This sounds like a novel by Kathleen Norris. But no, it is a biography of the Empress Marie of Russia. Such a title is catching. That nobody may anticipate us, we herewith announce a biography of Czar Ivan the Terrible, to be entitled, "Dear Daddy."

Mrs. Besant's visit to this country has raised the question as to the relations between her and Mahatma Gandhi. In view of this controversy, it may be well to print what Gandhi has to say about it. In a recent number of *Young India,* he writes,

> I owe much to theosophical friends among whom I have many. Whatever critics may say against Madame Blavatsky or Col. Olcott or Dr. Besant, their contribution to humanity will always rank high.

The late George Sterling was a true poet. He did not write much, but he wrote always with beauty and power. His "The Vulture" is one of the immortal sonnets.

J. H. H.

The Approaches of God

The approaches of God to man, of Nature to man—
The name matters not—are amazing and constant.
As the surrounding ocean approaches the land on all sides,
As the circumambient atmosphere approaches every creature
That breathes, around him, within him, his very life,
So the breath of the spirit of God, our most intimate life,
Forever flows in upon man, whether conscious or not of its presence.
We men never need struggle, breathless in fear,
To find God. Wait, listen, obey, keep open the windows morning and night;
Let no thought of ill-will, no selfish gesture, no wretched egotism,
Prohibit the beneficent incoming motion.
For our nature, admiring, mirrors God's nature, responsive to each sparkle
Of Beauty in bird or in butterfly, to every hue and tint and line
Of leafy trees and blossoming shrubs: responsive with joy also to joy
Where light and song and pure happiness break on our view.
Responsive no less in thought, ready enquiry, and orderly reason,
Where marks of intelligence gleam on our path; in delight
With the truth, wherever splendid ideas match and construct themselves into unity.
Most of all lie the approaches of God wherever love is. In the wondrous
Common, human circulatory intercourse of mankind love in us awakens,
Answering back to the love present and active around us.
The ways where true lovers walk are the ways where men see God;
In the eyes of comrades faithful to death, in the shining
Faces of neighbors and friends, trustworthy beyond worldly reckoning,
In workmanship, honest, thorough, satisfying, with a human
Purpose manifest in it, in a little child's welcoming greeting,
In the tender touch of the hand of a hospital nurse,—
In ten thousand ways such as these, love, good will, God, enters in,
And we, heretofore careless, indifferent, idle, loungers perhaps
On the face of the Earth, yet being akin to God's nature, respond,
And catching the light of the life of the spirit, begin now
If never before to glow with the warmth of the happy presence of God in our hearts;
Yes! Begin, setting our wills in tune with the good will of the universe,
To let our ray of light shine and to do the work of the Sons of victorious Love.
Yes! In familiar ways traced by experience, and none the less wonderful,—
In ways too, quite unknown, most mysterious, ways ever concurrent,
Pointing upward, God meets us, and we, coming
To know His daily presence, trust ourselves utterly to His kindly care;
And behold! His will being best of all things and mightiest,
Becomes our chosen will, and growing to do it in love,
We are made henceforth free,—citizens of the Universe.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

[See Companion Poem Next Week]

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

PART II—CHAPTER XII

Seeking Touch With Indians

Before writing further about Christian contacts, I must record other experiences of the same period.

Seth Tyab Haji Khan Mahomed had in Pretoria the same position as was enjoyed by Dada Abdulla in Natal. There was no public movement that could be conducted without him. I made his acquaintance the very first week, and told him of my intention to get in touch with every Indian in Pretoria. I expressed a desire to study the conditions of Indians there and asked for his help in my work, which he gladly agreed to give.

My first step was to call a meeting of all the Indians in Pretoria and to present to them a picture of their condition in the Transvaal. The meeting was held at the house of Seth Haji Mahomed Haji Joosub to whom I had a letter of introduction. It was principally attended by Memon merchants though there was a sprinkling of Hindus as well. The Hindu population in Pretoria was, as a matter of fact, very small.

My speech at this meeting may be said to have been the first public speech in my life. I went fairly prepared with my subject which was about observing truthfulness in business. I had always heard the merchants say that truth was not possible in business, I did not believe it then nor do I now. Even today there are merchant friends who contend that truth is inconsistent with business. Business, they say, is a very practical affair, and truth a matter of religion; and argue that practical affairs are one thing while religion is quite another. Pure truth, they hold, is out of the question in business, one can speak it only so far as is suitable. I strongly contested the position in my speech and awakened the merchants to a sense of their duty which was two-fold. Their responsibility to be truthful was all the greater in a foreign land because the conduct of a few Indians was the measure of that of the millions of their fellow countrymen.

I had found our people's habits to be insanitary as compared with those of the Englishmen around them and drew their attention to it. I laid stress on the necessity of forgetting all distinctions such as Hindus, Mussalmans, Parsis, Christians, Gujaratis, Madrasees, Punjabis, Sindhis, Cutchees, Surtees and so on.

I suggested, in conclusion, the formation of an association to make representations to the authorities concerned, in respect to the hardships of the Indian settlers, and offered to place at its disposal as much of my time and service as was possible.

I saw that I made a considerable impression on the meeting.

My speech was followed by discussion. Some offered to supply me with facts. I felt encouraged. I saw that very few amongst my audience knew English. As I felt that knowledge of English would be useful in that land, I advised those who had leisure to learn English. I told them that it was possible to learn a language even at an advanced age and cited cases of people who had done so. I undertook, besides, to teach a class, if one was started, or to instruct personally individuals desiring to learn the language.

The class was not started but three young men expressed their readiness to learn, at their convenience, and on condition that I went to their places to teach them. Of these, two were Mussalmans,—one of them a barber and the other a clerk—and the third was a Hindu, a petty shop-keeper. I agreed to suit them all. I had no misgiving regarding my capacity to teach. My pupils might become tired, but not I. Sometimes it happened that I would go to their place only to find them engaged in their business. But I did not lose patience. None of the three desired a deep study of English, but two may be said to have made fairly good progress in about eight months. Two learnt enough to keep accounts and write ordinary business letters. The barber's ambition was confined to acquiring just enough English for dealing with his customers. As a result of their studies two of the pupils were equipped for making a fair income.

I was satisfied with the result of the meeting. It was decided to hold such meetings, as far as I remember, once a week or, maybe, once a month. These were held more or less regularly and on these occasions there was a free exchange of ideas. The result was that there was now in Pretoria no Indian I did not know or whose condition I was not acquainted with. This prompted me in turn to make the acquaintance of the British Agent in Pretoria, Mr. Jacobus de Wet. He had sympathy for the Indians, but he had very little influence. However he agreed to help us as best he could and invited me to meet him whenever I so desired.

I now communicated with the Railway authorities and told them that even under their own regulations the disabilities about travelling under which the Indians labored could not be justified. I got a letter in reply to the effect that first and second class tickets would be booked for Indians who were properly dressed. This was far from giving adequate relief, as it rested with the station master to decide who was "properly dressed."

The British Agent showed me some papers dealing with Indian affairs. Tyab Seth had also given me similar papers. I learnt from them how cruelly the Indians were hounded out from the Orange Free State.

In short, my stay in Pretoria enabled me to make a deep study of the social, economic and political conditions of the Indians in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. I had no idea that this study was to be of invaluable service to me in the future. For, I had thought of returning home by the end of the year, or even earlier if the case was finished before the year was out.

But God had disposed otherwise.

M. K. GANDHI.

(Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.)

Reminiscences of Debs

[Beautiful articles in memory of Eugene V. Debs are reaching us. Here are four from Rev. J. W. Herring, formerly a Congregational minister in Terre Haute, Mr. Louis Mayer, a New York sculptor, Mrs. Margaret Sanger, of Birth Control fame, and Rev. George L. Thompson, Unitarian minister in Dighton, Mass.—Others will follow.—Ed.]

I

From a distance of a thousand miles my thoughts carry to an old square house in Terre Haute where lived as true a Christian as our generation has known. Perhaps Eugene Debs would not like to have this said. He had much grief with "Christians," all in all. His memories of the profane and the dispossessed were kinder—far. Yet still I incline to think that Debs would not have minded. For his was the sympathetic ear. There were none readier to distinguish between "Christians" and Christians. Certain it is that professional "Christians" were few of them worthy to grasp his hand. Most of them never desired to grasp his hand. Fewer still recognized his genius. That genius was not intellectual nor political. It lay in his abounding humanity; his invincible, insatiable, fighting humanity. No warmer spirit lived in our generation. But that only records the half. No fiercer zeal burned in our generation. And thus it was that the great Pullman Company and the Railroads stood in fear of this gaunt champion of humanity whom no child feared to approach.

On my shelf is a volume "Debs and the Poets." One hesitates to put down his memories of a man who was a text to half the poets of his generation. Yet the Debs personality is not readily exhausted. It affords a generous license to the humbler of his friends to write.

I first became acquainted with Debs in a curious way. The occasion was in Woodstock, Illinois, the town whose fame largely lies in that it once entertained the organizer of the Pullman strike in its county jail. I came to Woodstock long after Debs had been released but I met his memory on every hand—and in strange quarters. The strangest was in the person of one of the largest and most conservative employers of the town. He had been assistant sheriff while Debs was in jail, and loved him as a brother. Debs made friends of those where antagonism would have been expected, more quickly and surely than most men make friends with kindred spirits in normal circumstances. Similarly I found in the county Sheriff a lively and friendly memory of Debs. Debs apparently went through his prison experience like European Royalty through foreign tours; I apologize if there seems to be a touch of sacrilege in such a simile at just this time. I say, I became acquainted with Debs at Woodstock. I did, though he was in Atlanta prison at the time and I had never seen him. His memory was and is of the living kind.

I met Debs in person in Terre Haute where for four years I was a not distant neighbor of his. He returned from his ministry to the prisoners at Atlanta—that famous ministry which will unquestionably stand unique in prison records—in 1921. The largest hall in town was packed in celebration of his home coming. One believes that the battlements of reaction shook as Debs—ex-convict, soldier of the heart, prison grayed and lined stood before the multitudes and said "Let it never be said that I rose from the masses. When I rise the masses rise with me." One felt something of the savage intensity of an overmastering humanity. This quality of intensity was one of the facts that lifted Debs above the ranks of other friendly souls. And it saved him in the last analysis from any suspicion of sentimentality towards his fellows. Sentiment Debs certainly had in full measure. His sentiment was less ruled by considerations of philosophy or logic than in the case of many men. But that sentiment was of a heat, and a driving force, and guided by instincts so fundamentally right that it was greatly superior in many ways to cooler reasoning.

I had occasion a score of times in those four years to guide visitors to Terre Haute to the Debs home. I cannot now recall how many, but hardly a man came to address the Terre Haute Forum who did not inquire about Debs or ask to see him. As secretary of the local speakers committee I came to feel the keenness of the nation's interest in this man, who it must be admitted, was not locally counted as Terre Haute's chief citizen. Still more was I impressed to find in 1923 that Eugene Debs was perhaps the first American in the hearts of millions of Europeans—Debs who died without setting foot on European soil!

The last time I saw Debs was in the office like a printers loft where he and his brother, Theodore, wrote messages on antiquated typewriters to every part of the world. The floor was splintery. The Debs brothers were coatless. Beyond the cobwebbed window stretched the fronts of a dingier section of Main Street. Below stairs was a Ku Klux printer. I said to myself "Here is the office of a presidential candidate who polls a million votes in the richest country in the world." A liberal banker-manufacturer from up state and I had called together. We talked for an hour and a half. Mostly Debs talked. One of his lovable traits was the truly delightful zest he found in talking. At the end the upstate friend said, "Mr. Debs, have you put your views in book form? I should like to have a copy." "Well, no," answered Debs, "but if you would like them I think that they are contained in quite accurate form in a stenographic report of my speech at

———, Ohio, on ———." Really to ask Debs for a 10 point 32 em record of his views was like asking a man what he said when he proposed. Or to reverse it—to ask Edison to give you a copy of his most impassioned oration. Debs doesn't remind you of books any more than Edison reminds you of orations. Debs was a social flame warming, inspiring and steadily burning. His record will be one of actions, incidents, heroisms. His memory will not go down as a father of socialism. Rather will it go down as a hero in the people's cause. I should not be surprised to see it take on a mythical flavour. Intensely, he lived. His memory will be as lasting as men treasure the memory of great living.

New York. J. W. HERRING.

II

During the two weeks in which I was almost daily with 'Gene Debs, two incidents stand out as especially significant. It was only a month or so prior to the passing of the sentence which despatched him to Moundsville prison.

He had been pledged not to make any incendiary speeches and was not permitted to leave the confines of the Federal Court district. Though observing these restrictions, he was intent on having a test made as to how far the people had lost the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution. Repeatedly Socialist meetings which had been arranged for Lima, Ohio, had to be called off at the last moment or were disbanded by the authorities. There another test was to be made, and 'Gene was scheduled to speak from a window to an outdoor meeting in the public square.

On the way to Lima I was deeply impressed by his peace of mind despite the disturbing conditions he knew he would soon have to face. Most of the distance was negotiated by trolley. On one of the stretches, while Margaret Prevey was discussing with her captains the tactics for eventual disturbances, 'Gene went off to the opposite side of the car and took out his brief-case with an evident intention to concentrate on his speech. But soon he was fast asleep, in spite of his uncomfortable position. The Germans have a proverb: *Ein gut Gewissen ist ein sauftes Ruhekissen* (A clear conscience is a tender pillow). It was like Christ sleeping during the storm.

The fire department with clanging gongs and threatening hose lines made the meeting in the square impossible, but later as many of the crowd as could be informed jammed into the long narrow meeting hall of one of the local trade unions. There 'Gene brushed elbows with the standing workers, many of whom he called by their first names—they responded with glistening eyes. In order to be seen above the closely packed throng before him 'Gene, in spite of his great height, had to stand on a table while he made his speech. It was a marvelous sight to watch: 'Gene, his interest and enthusiasm showing in every gesture; his eyes, his hands, his pose as expressive as his words; and the men—with a sprinkling of women among them—entirely wrapped in their leader's discourse, never letting their eyes leave him. And to add emphasis to the picture an Italian newsboy, ten or twelve years old, papers under his arm, who had crept in with the crowd, probably in anticipation of a large business, had worked his way to the very front. There he stood, supporting himself on the edge of 'Gene's table with his free hand, looking up with awe and admiration at the speaker, forgetting his business, apparently drinking in every word. Thus eagerly must the oppressed and heavy-laden have listened to the Sermon on the Mount. Such experiences of preaching a new gospel in the face of difficulties and hardship but with serene conviction are like those recorded by Saint Paul.

Then there was one morning while I was at work on his bust* A gentleman came into the studio who said he had been on the staff of one of the great New York evening papers and that he was now editing a paper in Youngstown. He wanted to know at first hand what this man Debs was like. If he had actually said what was reported, he was a traitor to his country and deserved to be treated as such, and if Socialism stood for such principles it needed to be exterminated. He wanted to interview 'Gene on these points; would I mind if he did so while 'Gene was posing? 'Gene came in. The gentleman introduced himself. There was a genial handshake and the atmosphere changed. No more threatening. The questions somehow did not come out so brusquely and personally, but dealt rather generally with the principles of Socialism. 'Gene sat for his pose, facing me; I could see he took the matter seriously. To each inquiry he answered so calmly, so convincingly and so absolutely without malice toward anyone that the interview soon took on the appearance of a friendly consultation, the gentleman seeking enlightenment and getting it. It was in the morning, not at night, but in the seclusion of an artist's studio; I could not help but think of the conference between Christ and Nicodemus.

New York. LOUIS MAYER.

III

The name 'Gene Debs has a special significance for anyone who has had the joy of knowing the man. He radiated love, protection and friendship.

The first time I met him during my first Federal indictment, he stood off in the room and looked me up and down, then rushed to me putting both arms protectingly around me and said, "Those fiends! how dare they touch you!"

Debs was not only a significant figure in the Socialist Movement in America, he was the Soul of it. He was a great dynamic force in illuminating and

*Mr. Mayer, a sculptor, has made an impressive bust now in the Rand School, New York.

clarifying the thoughts of a generation. To touch his hand was a benediction. Farewell and Hail. Hail and Farewell.

New York. MARGARET SANGER.

IV

On the evening of May 1, 1925, I was sitting in my room in Boston when all at once it dawned upon me that a banquet was being given Eugene V. Debs in honor of his seventieth birthday in a near by hotel. As it happened I had never seen Debs and immediately I started for the banquet. I had several motives in going. I wanted to see Debs and hear him speak. It was May Day, and I was sure that representative labor leaders from all parts of New England would be present; further, I had a desire to assist by my presence, as the French say, in paying tribute to a man who had devoted so much of the time and energy of his life to the cause of his fellow workers.

The representatives of many organizations were present besides individuals like myself who came from mixed motives. It would appear that practically every phase of the labor and radical activity about Boston was represented there that evening. The conservative right and the extreme left met on common ground, and while there was plainly a veiled hostility between certain groups which once threatened to flare out in open conflict, all were united in paying tribute to the man who five times had headed his party ticket as candidate for president, and who had been in the forefront of the labor struggle for a full generation.

When in the regular order of events Debs arose to speak he was greeted by tumultuous cheering, and men and women of every shade of liberal opinion arose to their feet and did homage to a man whose sincerity and purity of purpose none questioned.

I had seen many pictures of Debs, none of which had done him justice. I remembered the awful caricatures which were published, as portraits, during the war which made him look like a moron criminal, and I thought of the liknesses which were true as far as features were concerned, but which left out something which the camera can never transfer, a gentleness and sweetness which once seen is never forgotten.

His words were wise and witty, deep and pathetic. He briefly reviewed the stirring events of his life dwelling upon his experience in prison as a conscientious objector, and with the impressiveness which only those who have suffered can summon, he told his hearers that prison is the place for those who can only have freedom at the price of surrendering their convictions.

In a jocular mood he referred to his seventy years, saying, "I am not seventy; I am but 35 years twice."

He said that on that day he had been down to visit Saco and Vanzetti and believed them to be innocent men suffering injustice and imprisonment not because of any crime, but because of a blind prejudice, and he exhorted his hearers to stand by them and not let them go to the electric chair.

The next morning I scanned all the daily papers to get some report of this great meeting and of the ovation which Debs received. The press was silent.

I was a little surprised at my own reactions. I went to see a political leader, and the expositor of a social philosophy, I came away with the feeling that I had been in the presence of a great religious prophet. The peace that passeth all understanding was in his eyes; the badge of suffering upon his brow. For the first time I had seen a man who came up to my vision of a Christ.

We may reject his social philosophy, discount his political ambitions, and brush aside as futile his struggle as a labor leader, but the man remains. As I walked out into the night the question came to me—Did this man miss his calling? I believe that as a Catholic he would have been a Francis of Assisi; as a Hindoo, a Gandhi; as a Protestant, a George Fox; as a Jew, a Jesus or an Isaiah; but cast into the fiery furnace of modern industrialism his soul emerged purified of all dross, profoundly religious, a "Prophet of the Soul."

Dighton, Mass. GEORGE L. THOMPSON.

A Thanksgiving Litany

For the poetry of spring, the pageantry of summer, the soft-sung hymns of autumn, the artistry of winter:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the unknown toilers of hand and brain, in mine and field, in factory and office; whose sweat has fertilized the earth, whose blood has redeemed me from want, whose brawn has purchased my comfort:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the unsung dreamers in every clime and age, whose undying faith has woven a fadeless tapestry of hope whereon I see the pattern of a better world to be:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the sustaining strength of loved ones whose understanding heart makes quiet my restless soul, and so assures me that in a little way my life hath meaning for someone:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the enchantment of wonder, the allurement of mystery, the charm of beauty, the challenge of goodness, the wooing of love:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the sacrament of work through which I have fellowship with the tireless Worker who ever maketh all things new:

I lift a thankful heart.

For the gracious privilege of living in a world where human lives may attain an eternal worth, and sweet dreams come true:

I lift a thankful heart. —ARGOW.

The Study Table

Some New Books

Our country today will favorably bear comparison with any in the quality of books in which the great general questions of anthropology are treated. To the list of high grade books in this field we must now add Clark Wissler's "The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America."[1] It is a book of exceptional value. Dr. Wissler is an especial student of the American Indian and in the book before us he deals with specifically American material. It is in reality a study of general character; the results brought out by his study of American aboriginal culture are true of any other culture in any part of the world; the laws and formulas here worked out are of universal application. The book is pre-eminently one of methods and attitudes. The matter was originally given in the form of lectures at the Wagner Free Institute of Science in Philadelphia. That fact has led to no sacrifice of scholarship. It is rare that one may find simplicity, literary form, interest and science so happily combined. If we seem to speak extravagantly, it is because the book compels us to do so. Wissler recognizes three classes of traits as the material for his study. He says:

> Students of culture have fallen into the habit of classifying traits under the heads of material and social traits, somatic characters, etc., but the three groups we have named may be so defined as to embrace the greater part of the facts that make up the subject matter of anthropology. We are justified, therefore, in assuming that if we choose representative traits from each of these three great groups, true samples will result, and that if we take as our objective an intimate understanding of distribution, there is reason to believe that what is found true of the samples will be true of the whole, within the accuracy limits inherent in the method.

The book is intended to show the significance of the distribution of culture and somatic traits. Proceeding from the simple and easily demonstrable, Wissler passes to more difficult and elusive facts. He first examines simple traits of material culture. What does their distribution show? Here comes the much discussed question of diffusion and independent development. Our author recognizes both. Stressing origin at single centers from which diffusion takes place, he also admits segregated distributions. Having made his ideas here clear, he shows that his method is perfectly applicable to social traits. When carefully observed, analyzed and plotted on maps, these yield the same results and are amenable to the same laws, as the traits of material culture. Precisely the same method is applied to the third group of traits, the somatic characters. Here again there is room for both diffusion and segregation. In the final most interesting chapter, *the distribution form and its meaning,* the discussion is summarized and its ecological basis is shown.

Trowbridge Hall's "Japan in Silhouette,"[2] is an interesting and lively presentation of results of travel. It is the harvest from a single, not very extended journey. Our author might easily have made his trip within Japan in a month, and probably did so. While not every tourist goes through Kyushu and relatively few dip into Shikoku, none of the places which Hall visits and describes can be said to be off "the beaten path." While we are hardly willing to grant his apparent claim to have gone to unfamiliar places, we are entirely ready to admit that he looks beyond "the obvious and superficial things." He has a good style and his book is handsomely gotten out. It is in no sense a diary of travel. Under general chapter headings, he gives jottings regarding a great variety of suggested things. Thus he talks of mountains and waterfalls, of *geisha* and *oiran,* of *eta* and pilgrims, of priests and temples, of theatre and literature. His observations on pilgrims will be new to most readers. He likes old Kobo Daishi; we only wonder that he does not go a little deeper into his significance. Though our author does go beyond the obvious, one feel that he is usually on thin ice and that his knowledge is superficial. Talking much of the Tokaido, is it quite certain that he even knows its "fifty-three stations?" Yokohama is *not* one of them; does Hall know whether Nagoya and Gifu are? The Japanese never confuse *miya* and *dera.* Our author speaks of the *Temple* of Ise and translates *Miyajuma* as *"Temple* Island." While we feel that the author has brushed and crammed to qualify for writing a book on Japan, we enjoyed his book and find it better than many. It is filled with a genial good humor which is exhibited in his closing paragraph:

> And so, our journey over, we bid you **Sayonara!** May you grow as old as the pine and as strong as the bamboo; may the storks make nests in your chimneys, and may the turtles crawl upon your floor. **Sayonara!**

John Paris, I understand, gained his knowledge of things Japanese while connected with the British diplomatic service at Tokyo. His two earlier books "Kimono" and "Sayonara" were novels—admittedly and outspokenly such. They met a great sale, both in England and in this country, and, whatever their purpose or the real spirit of their author, they did harm in creating and deepening dislike and distrust of the Japanese at the very moment when it was important to allay irritation rather than to increase it. A third book —"Banzai" (*Hurrah*)[3]—is now out and the wrapper carries the statement: "England's best seller is becoming America's second large edition." This one does not claim to be a novel—"being the somewhat biographical story of a modern Japanese." It is well written, of course; it is amusing. It has the qualities of a popular book. It may be true to life and show an exceptional knowledge of individual Japanese character on the part of the author. But, like the others, it will do harm rather than good; will cause prejudice rather than remove it. Mr. Paris knows enough of Japanese life and character to write a helpful book, that would be equally interesting and popular, and which would show the seamy side of things as incidental rather than all-inclusive. Of course, it is much easier to write the kind of books he does. In a moment of hostile tension, like the present, it would require a high degree of art and ability to produce the book we suggest. Perhaps we are mistaken in thinking that John Paris could do it. It is certain that many of the Japanese who have been in England and Japan, as students, observers, diplomats, could write equally incisive, interesting and harmful "novels" and "biographical stories" regarding the countries in which they sojourned. If they did so, it would be an interesting

1. **The Relation of Nature to Man in Aboriginal America.** Clark-Wissler. New York: 1926. Oxford University Press (American Branch). 8 pp. xx. 248.

2. **Japan in Silhouette.** Trowbridge Hall. New York: 1925. The Macmillan Co. 16°. pp. xi. 353.

3. **Banzai (Hurrah).** John Paris. New York: 1926. Boni and Liveright. 16°. pp. 318.

psychological exercise to carefully compare the *motives* to writing in the two cases.

A new "supplementary reader" is Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour's "The Indian Today."[4] Young people have read plenty of Indian stories—now a thing of the past and of romance; they have, perhaps, read books that aimed to depict Indian life as it was—an excellent thing to do, for there is instruction in the life of any people, anywhere; but neither of these kinds of books give the remotest idea of the Indian as he is today. Mrs. Seymour is amply qualified to tell the story. She has had practical experience in the Indian Service in the Southwest; she is today a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners, the first woman ever appointed to the office. In her book, she first *locates* the present day Indians. There are more of them and in more states than most people realize. How many readers know, for instance, that there are Indians in more than half of the states, that there are thousands of them in the Empire State, that the Navajo who numbered 10,000 sixty years ago now count 32,000? Having introduced her subject and indicated the present whereabouts of our surviving native Americans, our author studies a number of the more important or interesting tribes or groups in detail. She thus speaks of the Iroquois (the once famous Six Nations), the five civilized tribes of Oklahoma, the Osages (the richest people in the world), the industrious agricultural Pueblos, the sheep-herding Navajo. All of the tribes have been profoundly affected by contact with the white man; just how, depends upon many different factors. The reaction of the Iroquois, of the Sioux, of the Pueblos, of the Navajo is different—because the environment, the old adjustment, the strong and weak natural characters, were different. There are tribes that learn new ways quickly, there are others that resist change strenuously. On the whole, the Indians are facing the new conditions with courage and fortitude. Mrs. Seymour introduces the necessary historical background, points out difficulties, describes conditions. Her book is instructive and beautiful and should create a reasonable and healthy interest in our native Americans as they are.

Dr. Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings"[5] has met an extraordinary reception. First printed in October, 1925, it had gone through a twenty-first printing in June, 1926. It has received a hearty commendation from all sorts of well known people—authors, editors, professors and others. It is a study of man in the light of all modern sciences. Himself an anthropologist, Dr. Dorsey gives us the latest ideas of biology, geology, chemistry, physics, anatomy, physiology, psychology regarding human beings. The chapters treat of the individual life cycle and the human race, the evolution of earth, life, sex, the processes of living and the germs of disease, the endocrine glands and the cause of death, the integrating organ and mechanism of adjustment, acquiring of human behavior, from the standpoint of the new psychology. There is room here for much of interest, and it is fully occupied. Dr. Dorsey is frank and outspoken in his treatment of diverse and delicate subjects. The book is boldly written and aims to challenge at every page. Each paragraph is meant to arrest attention. The constant straining to make each sentence an epigram and each statement a shock tires, but is no doubt an element in the popular success. Of course a book that is so largely given to the newest ideas regarding ductless glands and behaviorism is iconoclastic of old ideas. It is, happily, equally iconoclastic of Freudian psychology and some other fads—even poking some quiet fun at the present emphasis upon Mendelian inheritance. The book is well worth reading. It is interesting, however, that a volume so largely devoted to tearing down cherished beliefs and baring the errors of all the past, should be dedicated "to father and mother" and that it should sum up in fairly old fashion—"when human society starts to practice the Golden Rule, it will lay a foundation for civilization which no flood of passion can shake. Any other conditioning of our inherent nature leaves us as we are—with an animal nature modified only by man-made devices to satisfy living impulses as old as life itself. Man is the product of evolution: humanity must be the goal of human endeavor."

One of the latest numbers of the *Today and Tomorrow Series* is "Midas: or the United States and the Future." The wording of the title and the fact that the writer is British prepares us for a savage assault on our money worship, our commercialism, our materialistic tendencies. It is true that Mr. Bretherton looks upon us with the good-natured tolerance usual to Britishers, but he is far from being an unfriendly critic. He refuses to be as caustic as "Babbitt" and "Main Street." In his four chapters he discusses the future of the melting pot of American government, of American character, of intellectual achievement. He sees serious dangers, some extreme; he sees inconsistencies, some glaring; he sees failures, possible and probable; but on the whole his book is hopeful. We are commercial; we are braggarts; we have a narrow view of things; our culture is only in the future—perhaps in the far distance; our intellectuality is a thing talked of but lacking. "As the present tendency to superficiality increases, as the vigor of the race is divided more exclusively between money getting and pleasure getting and all life is measured in terms of the pay envelope and the dance floor, that part of the American brain that should be devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, the appreciation of beauty and the increase of wisdom will atrophy." It sounds like a gloomy future, but there are bright touches here and there. An interesting fact is that he sees America affecting the world; after all, others are becoming Americanized. "Europe is moving in the same direction as America. The only difference is that America moves faster and has a long start." To one who really thinks with anxiety of the future (probably a profitless thing to do) the question may arise, whether perhaps in Asia or in Africa there may be a remnant to build for a coming world.

In the outcome of the present interest in "tests" is the *Measurement and Adjustment Series* appearing under the editorship of Prof. Louis M. Terman. The latest number of the series is "Self-Direction and Adjustment"[7] by Dr. Norman Fenton of Ohio University. The book is intended for the personal use of high school and college students. It is not a class text book. It is a manual of self-help, aiming to place the results of modern psychological study at the service of the

4. The Indian Today. Flora Warren Seymour. Chicago-Boston-New York: 1926. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. 16°. pp. vi. 235.

5. Why We Behave Like Human Beings. George A. Dorsey. New York: 1925. Harper and Brothers. 16°. pp. xvi (ii) 512.

6. Midas: or The United States and the Future. C. W. Bretherton. New York: 1926. E. P. Dutton and Co. 16°. pp. vii. 88.

7. Self-Direction and Adjustment. Norman Fenton. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1926. World Book Co. 16°. pp. vi. 121.

student at the moment when they are of the most importance to him. The author himself says:

The purpose of this book is to try to help you to find out what can be improved in your attitudes and methods of study, and also what is at present of value and service to you in your approach to the intellectual life.

The book is practical and deals in detail with such subjects as—conditions and elements for effective study, how to study, ambitions and ideals, encouragement of ambitions and ideals. It encourages a proper self-analysis and estimation, gives methods and opportunity for self-testing and advises as to the development of one's powers and the suppression of one's weaknesses.

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

Mrs. Besant: Another Viewpoint

Editor of UNITY:

Mr. Fawcett's excellent articles on the personality of Dr. Annie Besant need supplementation and correction inso far as her activity touches India.

Mr. Fawcett says "her position among her adopted people may be estimated by the fact that she has served as President of the Indian National Congress. Her standing with the British Crown may be gauged by the fact that during the World War she was interned." To gauge a person's present-day position by citing incidents long past in that person's career is hardly sensible or fair to anyone concerned. All Indians, as Mahatama Gandhiji has advised, want to give Dr. Besant credit for what she has done in her adopted country. But it should not be forgotten that as a factor in political life she merits today no distinction. She is *not* trusted by Indians, generally speaking, as the UNITY article would imply. Many of them cannot forgive or forget her attitude towards Mahatama Gandhiji at the time when he was keeping the British Government in a panic. They ask themselves if this antipathetic attitude was because in the words of Sir George Lloyd, "That little man came within an ace of losing us India!" But when Dr. Besant felt that Mahatama Gandhiji was a "spent force," she made advances looking for cooperation! A sincere desire for cooperation would have shown itself in those critical years prior to the Mahatama Ji's arrest.

Her words re. Gandhiji as quoted by Mr. Fawcett are extremely misleading . . . "Gandhi's campaign promoted hatred among his people." The reverse of this is true. Mahatama Ji's efforts probably kept India from "running rivers of blood," a phrase often used in times past by those who dreaded what the years might bring forth from an oppressed people. An apostle of love, Gandhiji softened harsh feelings and turned hate into constructive channels. Non-cooperation teaches "non-violence in deed, word and thought"—to quote the Mahatama himself. Again said Dr. Besant, "We should work for cooperation." But no one knows better than she that there can be no real cooperation between an enslaved people and those who perpetuate this slavery. Such a people is bound to refuse cooperation to the evil inherent in such a connection.

Very misleading are Dr. Besant's words regarding hand-spinning; but I do not need to dwell on this phase of Mahatama Ji's teaching to readers of UNITY, nor do I have to do more than call attention to her unfair statement that Mahatama Gandhiji is trying to drive the East and the West apart. This, I may add, is not the stand of one who truly wants "love and understanding."

Dr. Besant's position today may be compared to that of the "little grandmother of the Russian Revolution" in the years following 1917. The tide of revolution has swept by her, and left her high and dry. Her desires are not the desires of Indian Nationalists; her sympathies are not with those who want to see India mistress of her own destiny.

MALIK R. LAL.

New York City.

The Defect of the Peace Movement

Editor of UNITY:

Of all Peace writers, I have read or known of no one who seemed to have considered war as a problem in natural law. All of their propositions for stopping or suppressing war reminded me of hanging a monkey wrench on a safety valve to keep a boiler from exploding, instead of looking after the fire and fuel.

Again, all peace advocates stress themselves over the fact that so few women respond to their propaganda.

A deep and competent study of the natural laws governing human life and relations will disclose the following facts: Man is, and must be, a fighting animal, both for self-protection and to carry out his function, that of completing the evolution of the surface of the planet. He is not placed here merely for his own enjoyment and indulgence. Enjoyment and happiness are rewards designed and awarded by the Infinite Consciousness for those who contribute to this Divine purpose. Nature provides that each class of animals, including man, shall go through certain psychic experiences (sometimes called the "conjugal fight"), whenever they conceive progeny, that shall give the "fighting edge." Without this, they cannot maintain themselves in the struggle for life; cannot produce vigorous and vitalized progeny, and cannot do the necessary strenuous work required for carrying on evolution and civilization.

This is not merely a male problem. Every natural mother takes a pride in the ability of her sons to fight the battles of life, and to protect the family against its enemies; and not only the home but the tribe or the nation. Every mother would feel ashamed to see her son crawl under the bed in the face of a burglar, or shirk his part in defending his country from attacks of its enemies, while she might rebel against an aggressive and selfish war.

In studying animal life, we find as a general rule that none of the various animal tribes fight among themselves except under the stress of hunger, or the urge for reproduction. Even the most savage live in harmony among themselves. Why should the human family be any worse? No reason except false social and religious education which destroyed or perverted natural instincts.

Men must exercise their executive and destructive instincts and impulses, but Nature has furnished natural outlets for them. For thousands of years to come there will be forests to clear or renew; there will be swamps to drain and cultivate; there will be mountains to level or to tunnel; railroads to build, minerals to excavate and to work into a million uses; there will be harbors and rivers to develop for commerce; and there will be ever new discoveries to make in the subtle forces and substances hidden in the sea, the air and the earth.

Whenever you educate young people to free themselves from all of the present mental slavery, and to appreciate and understand these grand laws of Nature; when you no longer make them lean on authorities,—especially those of society or religion—but to stand on their own feet; to look all the world directly in the face without blinders; to work out their own religion and philosophy; to recognize the Divinity of all life and the processes of life; to feel that Divine respect for themselves and all others as indivisible parts of the Universal Consciousness,—then, and not until then will wars become obsolete.

JOHN E. AYER.

Seattle, Washington.

The Peace Crusade

Editor of UNITY:

Nothing has satisfied me more completely or given me hope for a truly human and sane world than the starting of an American Peace Crusade—as outlined in an article by you in "September 20" UNITY. I want to assure you of my complete co-operation, and will want to do what I can, to help carry it on. I am at present closely kept to my home, because of an invalid mother, but will be glad to write and let others know, and arouse serious and compelling thought and action about everlasting *Peace.*

M. L. BRUERE.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

PEACE PLATFORM

Adopted by the World Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches at Its Eleventh Annual Meeting at Pittsburgh, November 10-12, by Unanimous Vote

We have already referred in UNITY to the remarkable platform of principles formulated by the World Alliance on the basis of the Outlawry of War. We publish this platform herewith in full:

World Alliance Principles

"Representing, as we do, various points of view as to the best ways of securing world peace, we have reached agreement with respect to the following principles which we believe afford a basis of unity and a common program of action in which all lovers of peace may work together.

"1. We believe that war should no longer be used for the settlement of controversies between nations. Without raising the question of the right of self-defense for individuals and nations, we believe that the time has come to make a combined and frontal attack for the overthrow of the institution of war by outlawing it, and making war a crime under the law of nations. This we hold as the unifying purpose and dominating motive of all peace groups. To this end we urge that America take the lead and call an international conference for the purpose of adopting a universal treaty in which the nations shall forswear their ancient right of waging war and agree to submit their disputes to the permanent court of international justice, and shall provide for this court a code of international law of peace whose primary statute outlaws war and defines military aggression as a crime. With war outlawed, the court should be clothed with affirmative jurisdiction over all disputes covered by the code or arising under treaties, and should have the power to issue a summons to any nation to appear and answer the complaint of another nation.

"The existence and functioning of the court would in no wise limit or supersede those non-juridical agencies of conciliation, mediation and diplomacy now in existence or yet to be created.

"We believe that membership of the United States in the permanent court of international justice is an immediately practicable step in the direction of our cooperation for the settlement of disputes between nations on the basis of law instead of war, in accordance with the program outlined in the previous section. We urge the President to continue negotiations looking toward such membership in the court under conditions satisfactory to the American people.

"3. We rejoice in the rapid extension of arbitration agreements and allied forms of peaceful settlement among European countries. We call attention to the extent and importance of this movement by which more than one nation has agreed to submit every possible case of international dispute to an appropriate tribunal, not even reserving questions of national honor and vital interest.

"The United States heretofore has been foremost among the nations in promoting arbitration between the nations. We therefore urge a serious study of this movement and the full cooperation of our government.

"4. We believe that world organization is necessary as a substitute for the war system. In addition to the permanent court of international justice we recognize the league of nations as such an organization. We rejoice that its great services in the fields of humanitarian and other endeavors have enlisted the cooperation of our own country. We believe this country should study the ways and means by which we can cooperate more effectively in the activities of the league of nations for world peace, and we also respectfully urge that the league of nations give due consideration and take appropriate steps to modify its structure and covenant so as to leave the United States no valid excuse for remaining outside the league.

"5. We believe that the problem of disarmament waits for its full and adequate solution upon the outlawing of war. Nations will hardly give their consent to complete disarmament so long as the institution of war continues to have a legal and legitimate status. Nevertheless, we believe that every practical step should be taken to relieve the nations of the enormous economic burden of military armament, and to remove the threat of war inherent in great military establishments. The effort to reduce armaments should be progressive in order to keep pace with changing international situations. It should be made by successive international agreements through conferences to be called at definitely recurring intervals. Since this reduction and limitation of armament applies primarily to the established military, air and naval forces, there remains unsolved the further question of the potential armaments in chemical and industrial development. In this field, where there exist elements vital to a nation's military power, there is no known effective device for disarmament, by reduction or limitation, which does not strike at legitimate peacetime enterprises. The only way to eliminate this potential

---

Cancellation of Debts

Editor of UNITY:

Why cancel the Allies' war debts to us? Well, some would do it as an act of mercy, not realizing, as you do, that it would be but financing future wars. Others, knowing that it would finance and precipitate wars would do it, as Zona Gale would say, for the walnuts their fighting, dying brothers would leave uneaten.

Financiers know that payment, by the only possible method—dumping $11,000,000,000 worth of low-priced European goods upon American markets—would cause business failures, unemployment, the probable collapse of our present industrial system and the inauguration of a new system not to the liking of some people—those who fear sovietism.

The walnut snatchers, bankers, tradesmen, manufacturers and munitions makers are going ahead preparing for war and through their associations are propagandizing for cancellation and war. That is, for moratoriums, military training and armament.

The mass of American fathers, mothers, sons and daughters who by the act of cancellation would be made to finance Europe's wars and if "our commerce should be attacked upon the high seas," be again drafted and made to fight to "make the world safe for democracy," are not in favor of cancellation or moratoriums in face of the huge standing armies, navies, fleets of bombing planes and tanks of poison gas our much-to-be-pitied Allies are maintaining day by day.

Outlawry of War through the adoption of Senate Resolution number 100 and the use of the Allies' war debt to use as a club to beat the European governments into sensibility is better than cancellation and preparation for more war.

W. P. CALKINS.

Montebello, California.

A Tribute to Dr. Doan

Editor of UNITY:

It is with more than sympathetic appreciation that I have read Dr. Doan's articles on the "Quarter Hour." It is a matter of rejoicing that, in the Unitarian brotherhood, this subject should be so treated.

For many years I have felt the failure of the Unitarian church to keep the leadership in thought it had acquired through following Truth wherever it should lead. The intellectual seemed to interfere with the highest spiritual leadership. So much new knowledge has come to the world, and as usual it was *felt* before it was thought. Many cults developed; but after a time of intuitive discernment, not too clear, and half-baked philosophy, we are able to have presented to us experience which is spiritual and must be spiritually discerned, in a way which commands not only confidence, but intellectual respect.

CORA STANTON BROWN.

Lakeland Florida.

[What Mrs. Brown says of Unitarianism is quite true. We have gone a long way toward a rather barren intellectualism since the days of Emerson's fruitful intellectualism, Parker's perfect passion for truth and justice, Channing's gentle vision of "things unseen." But I am sure that the younger men are not so blind to these visions, nor so dead to these spiritual passions."—F. C. D.]

menace is to eliminate the war system itself.

"6. Without raising the question of the expediency of maintaining an adequate military and naval defense so long as the war system lasts, we are opposed to any tendencies which put undue emphasis on militarism in education. In particular we oppose military training in all public and high schools and all compulsory military training in colleges and universities, except in institutions established for the specific purpose of military education.

"7. We believe that all organized and accepted apparatus for peace must be supplemented and safeguarded by a process of education. We commend the organizations which have set themselves to this task. We summon our schools and colleges, our civic, commercial and fraternal societies, our pulpit, our press, our theater and other agencies of public opinion to enlist more earnestly in this campaign of education.

"To the above aims we dedicate ourselves anew."

The Community Pulpit

1926-1927

Twenty Printed Sermons

By John Haynes Holmes and John Herman Randall

As preached in The Community Church of New York.

$2, postpaid, for the series.

You are cordially invited to subscribe.

Address:
THE SECRETARY
THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
12 Park Avenue, New York City

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove
Tel. Atlantic 1876

TORCHBEARERS

A Story of the Realms of the Mastersouls

By Kamala Krishna

This story touches upon nearly every vital human problem. It contains an unusual aspect of the world war. It acquaints the reader with the central Truth of Being, set forth in dynamic potency from its plainest fundamentals to its loftiest subtleties and ideals of achievement.

Every Torchbearer of Peace, Good-will and Truth will find it an inspiration.

Torchbearers is a book of 380 pages, printed on good paper in large clear type, handsomely bound in dark blue cloth.

Price $2.60 postpaid. Order at SOLAR LOGOS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 408 N. Noble St., Chicago, Illinois.

"THIS BOOK IS INDEED THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE CENTURY." Rev. G. A. Kratzer.

IN DECEMBER

The holidays, with their rounds of entertainments and festivities, make extraordinary demands upon evening wardrobes. While here is a service which can be depended on to beautifully cleanse and condition each dress garment entrusted to its care.

Schumann & Co
Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 9251 ALL DEPARTMENTS
MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3960 Cottage Grove Avenue

DREXEL State Bank

Cottage Grove Ave. and Oakwood Blvd.

Thirty-two years of conservative banking, combined with service and courtesy for every depositor —large or small—is the record of this bank . . . . . .

Your savings and checking account cordially invited

Resources Six and one-half Million Dollars

For Happy Health!

Drink a glassful of Bowman's Milk. You'll like it, for Bowman's Milk is full cream milk. It is always rich and pure. In it are the elements so necessary for happy health!
Make it a habit to drink a glass of Bowman's Milk at every meal.

Insist on

BOWMAN DAIRY COMPANY MILK

Phone Oakland 489 **JANITORS' SUPPLIES**

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.